



VOLUME 114, No. 23.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1918

ESTABLISHED IN 1805

PERSONAL NOTES

Arrivals and Departures of Residents
and Visitors

IN THE SOCIAL WORLD

The Column Everybody Reads—Chat
About Your Friends and Neigh-
bors—Here and There.

J. R. Dull and wife are spending the
week end in Pittsburgh.

J. E. Evans wife and daughter, Miss
Mary of Huntingdon were visiting in
Bedford yesterday and will visit New
Paris relatives before returning.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Lippel, Mrs.
Charles Yont and Mrs. Anna M.
Wertz motored to Hagerstown on
Wednesday by way of Cumberland
pike.

Ex-County Commissioner George H.
Appelman, of Bakers Summit was a
business visitor to Bedford yesterday.

Mr. Clarence Mardorff, who is em-
ployed for the P. R. R. in Newark,
N. J. is home with his parents, Mr.
and Mrs. George Mardorff, for a short
while after a brief illness.

The ladies of Mann's Choice sent
to the Red Cross Canteen of Bedford,
a very nice donation of ninety jars of
jelly, fruit and pickles.

Mrs. H. A. Cook left Wednesday
for Washington, D. C., where she will
spend some time.

Miss Katherine Eicholtz returned
to her home on East Penn street
Thursday last, after spending some
time in Beaver Falls and Ellwood
city.

Steward Eicholtz left Sunday for
Ellwood city after spending a few
days here with friends and relatives.

William Clinton Eicholtz, son of
Edwin Eicholtz of Ellwood City is
spending the summer with his aunt,
Miss Katherine Eicholtz on East Penn
street.

Mrs. William D. Thompson wife
and babies, Mr. Albert Warner and
Mr. Ivan Faddens, of Crucible, Pa.
spent yesterday in Bedford with
relatives and friends.

C. L. Eicholtz left yesterday for
Beaver Falls, where he will spend the
week-end with his brother, Mr. G. H.
Eicholtz.

Rev. Dr. Bashara expects to be in
Bedford the last of the week and will
fill the pulpit in the Presbyterian
church on Sunday.

Honorable John M. Rose, Mr. and
Mrs. John C. Ayres, Mrs. Dr. Charles
Hannan, Miss Virginia and Jack, all
of Johnstown motored to Bedford
on Sunday and stopped at the Grand
Central Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Studebaker of
Los Angeles, California, are spending
a few days in Bedford with friends.

J. C. Geller, West End, was in Bed-
ford on business on Tuesday and paid
us a pleasant call.

F. C. Cook of Hyndman was in
Bedford Tuesday attending the meet-
ing of directors of Urban Mutual Fire
Insurance Co.

John A. Finnegan of Kimmell town-
ship was in Bedford attending to
legal business on Tuesday.

L. C. Markel of New Buena Vista
was in Bedford on Tuesday.

Harry I. O'Neal of Everett, 4, was
in Bedford Tuesday attending the
audit in the James and Harvey
O'Neal estates.

Robert Weicht constable of West
Providence township was in Bedford
Tuesday to see the boys off.

**THOMAS F. BAILEY PRESIDENT
JUDGE OF BEDFORD COUNTY.**

Word is being passed around that
Hon. Thomas F. Bailey of Hunting-
don County is being spoken of in
connection with an appointment to
the Supreme Court Bench by Gov.
Brumbaugh. We do not know an-
other jurist in the state that would
fill the bill so well and so ably as
would Thomas F. Bailey. He knows
the law and will render his decisions
in conformity to it. Bedford County
courts have been extremely elevated
since Mr. Bailey has come to the
bench. There is no more political
wire pulling before cases are heard.
The case goes on its merits. The law-
yers don't befuddle the issue either
before him. We would hate to lose
Judge Bailey but we would also be
glad to see him elevated to the Sup-
reme court. It would be a star in the
crown of that here-to-fore discredited
body in days when the politicians
formed decisions and the court ren-
dered them.

Take it Judge, if offered. Your
field will be the state and not a dis-
trict.

MARRIED IN CUMBERLAND
Marshall Beegle and Mildred
Weicht of Everett.

Orva Anderson, of Sproul and
Florence Shoemaker, of Imler, Pa.

Clarence La Rue of Meyersdale
and Josephine Burley, of Cook's
Mills.

Harvey Imler and Clara Hartman
of Bedford.

Perry Bumgardner, and Blanche
Heffner, Saxton.

SNYDER'S TRAVELETTE

(continued from last week)

After leaving Artemas section and
catching John Lawhead at work once
I drove over the ridge to the Oliver
Fisher farm now owned by Miss
Eutropius Rohrbaugh who sub-
scribed for two Gazettes. I again crossed
a big hill to Hiram and Alva Jays
and on out past Milton Deffibaugh.
He somehow got an inkling and had
taken the whole family away, locked
the doors and thus escaped a food
inspection. After spending a night
with Jonas Morse and his good wife
who was once my schoolmate, I went
again over a big hill to Snyder Bros.
Big Baltz and Little Will are yet
bachelors without prospects. Their
little sister Caroline weight 324 was
fixing to leave but delayed too long.
She left though for Ohio on Tuesday.
I also visited Owen Snyder and his
little wee wife on the Abiah Akers
farm which they bought and are
raking in the shekels fast. I also
visited Wm Layton, He had just re-
turned from a hospital where they
had opened his "inwards". He is past
his fourscore years and does nothing
but eat. He is nearly blind but will
have the Gazette read to him by his
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SNYDER'S TRAVELETTE

(Continued from First Page)

visiting her mother down there and ordered the Gazette sent to her mother which is a good sign of a good girl. I stopped at Ed. Mills' to see how he was treating Sadie Weimere whom he married long years ago. Every thing was O. K. there. He, like many others in that valley, has made a good farm out of a poor one and is making money too. Most every body in that section has improved in looks except George Fletcher; nothing doing on his mug. John Barkman is "purtier" than George, but Nim Shipley is a close competitor for both, am saying about Bart Jay. I also called to see my old girl at Jennie Logue's. She hadn't her Sunday fixin's on like she used to have but she promised to doll up for next visit. It takes too long and too much writing to tell of all the doings and sayings of all the people I saw and got as subscribers but my buggy was about full when I reached Herman Barkman's on Friday evening so that the buggy was cracked. I got enough more on Clear Ridge to run "Over the top" till I got to Hughes O'Neals. He was lying on the couch grunting about the rheumatism but I left him trying to put ten matches on five piles which he will never get unless Sile Fletcher goes oat to read his Democratic paper and then shows him how. I won a quarter off him anyhow. It was just like the one I got off Pete Smith.

The farmers in all that section are getting the lime fever which is the thing to keep up. Lime and red slate land will fatten the horses, hogs and pocket books. Harry Fletcher intends to sell trucks to the farmers after which the whole country will be white-washed. And the farms will flow with milk and honey if the bees dont do as they did last winter-freeze. When Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Dolly moved up from Maryland to the old Snyder farm and in a few days afterward were snowed in with

List of Unseated Lands

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure catarrhal deafness and that is by a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed you have no hearing at all. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Many cases of deafness are caused by catarrhal which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces of the nose. Hall's Catarrhal Medicine acts thru the blood vessels on the mucous surfaces of the system.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrhal Medicine. Circular free. All Druggists 75c.

F. J. CHENET & CO., Toledo, O.

that big April snow they thought they would freeze sure but they are living yet and full of hope now since all the neighbors survived and the sun is again shining and all the time moved up an hour. Since I have gotten so far behind myself in these travelettes I will now jump a few eogs and catch up with myself. Coming by "The Willows" on the Lincoln Highway I just had to stop at Mrs. Amicks and there for the first time I met "cheer-up" whose mode of navigation is only with a wheeled chair. She seemed the happiest girl I saw on the whole trip. While many are trying to get all of the earth she is enjoying life and happy as a big sunflower. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof". No man can make a cubic yard of earth and if he could he would find no place to put it except on that already made by the Creator and he would then be a trespasser on God's footstool.

One day I drove out by the Springs and down the Sweet Root road. First man encountered was John Mowry

who threw up his hands to the time of \$1.50 and the next was F. E. Thompson. Thompson has a clinch on his crutch that he ought to have patented. First thing he knows Charley Wertz will be using it. Farther down I saw an old duffer in the field planting corn which proved to be Tom Drenning. I didn't know him at first because he had recently had a hair cut. He and Charley Wertz are competitors on hair but Tom has Charley skinned a mile. His wife is better.

D. W. Snyder.

(To be continued.)

Treasurer's sales of unseated lands and town lots in Bedford County. Agreeable to the provisions of an act of Assembly directing the mode of selling unseated lands for taxes and other purposes, past the thirteenth day of March, 1815, and the supplements thereto, passed the 13th day of May, 1815, and the 20th of March of 1816, the Treasurer of the County of Bedford hereby gives notice to all concerned therein, that unless the County, poor, school, building and road taxes due on the following tracts of unseated lands situated in Bedford County are paid before the day of the sale, the whole or part of such tract as will pay the taxes, interest and costs chargeable thereon, will be sold at the Court House in the Borough of Bedford on the Second Monday of June next, the 10th day, for arrears of taxes due and the costs accrued thereon, and sale will be continued from day to day until all lands are disposed of. Sale will begin at 1 p.m. on above date.

C. L. LONGENECKER,
Apr. 5th, 1918. County Treasurer.

For 1915 and 1916.

	Acres	Warrantee or County School Road	Owner	Tax	Tax	Tax
1	lot	John W. Rose	John W. Rose	\$6.89		
1	lot	Mrs. W. C. Smith	John W. Rose	4.48		
1	lot	Mrs. Mary Simone	John W. Rose	1.28		
1	lot	Dr. F. B. Barclay	John W. Rose	.84		
44	Susan Barley			1.20		
1	lot	Samuel Fry		.61		
1	lot	Joseph Morris		.49		
23	lot	William Harris		2.00		
100	J. E. Evans			.89		
202	J. E. Evans			2.00		
227	Claude Burker			\$2.89		
182	George Hoover			\$1.82		
2	lot	L. R. Weber		.40		
2	lots	Nirard Gutheridge, Jr.		.52	.47	.08
1	lot	Improved Order of Red Men		.60		
2	lots	Ken Mar Coal Co.		1.20		
1	lot	Thomas McElwee		.50	.05	.53
3	lot	S. John H. Young		2.10	5.25	.03
1	lot	Wilson Longfellow		.31		
1	lot	Mountain Association		.40		
1	lot	Mike Whiteman		.32		
1	lot	Sara J. Chaney		.46	.22	
217	lot	Fred A. Champ		41.18	17.16	
264	lot	Chester Mellott		.80		
157	lot	Wm. Foster (heirs)		11.09	5.53	
1	lot	Philip H. Funk		12.60	6.30	
1	lot	B. Mutton		3.63	1.32	
1	lot	Howard Reed and wife		.63	.26	
2489	Rockhill Iron and Coal Co.			117.94		
1	lot	Colerain Township				
1	lot	George Logue		1.20	.63	
280	lot	Cumberland Valley Township				
1	lot	Lawrence Jackson			.51	
1	lot	Everett Borough				
3	lots	Israel Dibert (heirs)		2.00		
1	lot	B. Eichelberger & son				
1	lot	John Lamberson		.69		
1	lot	J. F. McElwee		.75		
1	lot	Harvey Wishard Estate		1.60		
2	lots	Clara J. Elliott		.70	.60	
1	lot	Joseph Hemming		.56	.48	
1	lot	Thos. Gorsuch		.20		
1	lot	Hopewell Township				
1206	lot	A. P. Patterson		36.40		
1	lot	James Dudson		1.20		
170	lot	B. Fluke heirs		7.20		
1	lot	Reuben K. Clappier		.13	.08	
11	lot	George Winters		5.00	3.08	
90	lot	Peter J. Switzer		6.30		
1-2	lot	J. R. Carman		.65		
1-2	lot	J. A. & G. E. Eichelberger		3.90	2.40	
10	lot	Samuel Fleegle		1.60		
213	lot	Eliza Calaham		12.00		
100	lot	Richard Mowrey		4.00		
	lot	Richard Mowrey, heirs		2.00	1.50	
71	lot	Laura Claycomb		.60		
180	lot	Ruthie M. Miller		1.60		
24	lot	D. R. Louisnaker		.29		
24	lot	Herschel Marceau		1.60		
1	lot	Liberty Township				
2	lot	Charley Elder		.46		
3	lot	W. W. Kurtz		.12		
2	lots	McClellan Ramsey		.50	.37	.74
155	lot	D. B. Young		1.80	1.37	.74
252	lot	Frank Fluck		.08	1.12	.52
1	lot	Wm. Equifer Coal Co.		5.17	9.93	4.64
1	lot	Howard Putt		4.65		
1	lot	J. W. P. Reed		1.23		
200	lot	D. Y. Swain		1.65		
1	lot	Terriiza Cypher		.33		
1	lot	C. J. Sullivan		.42		
165	lot	John S. Barefoot				
1	lot	London-Bedford Township				
50	lot	Wm. & T. Reimers		2.18	3.51	2.16
73	lot	Wm. & T. Reimers		1.20	1.95	1.20
125	lot	Wm. & T. Reimers		.80	1.30	.80
1	lot	Monroe Township				
71	lot	Joseph H. Burkett		.80	1.50	1.00
200	lot	Sara Burns		3.81	7.20	4.80
90	lot	Lewis B. Miller		.60		
90	lot	George M. May		.60		
1	lot	Thaddeus Giove		3.75	2.50	
1	lot	E. R. C. Blackburn heirs		.40		
20	lot	James Lane		2.30		
200	lot	Sadie Foy		.40		
200	lot	A. Camp		4.41	3.15	
12	lot	John Spencer		2.26	2.10	
12	lot	Mary J. Young		2.35	1.68	
1	lot	West Providence Township				
1	lot	W. W. Davis		.30		
1-2	lot	Rachel S. Bland		.36	.28	
1	lot	Snake Spring Township				
1	lot	S. A. Keiser		1.80		
1	lot	S. W. Mortimore		2.40		
3	lot	Shannon Ritchie		2.00		
116	lot	Howard Cessar		2.80	11.10	5.85
400	lot	J. C. Donahue, heirs		.80		
400	lot	Mary Donnison		4.80	10.80	5.40
400	lot	J. E. Williams		8.80	9.90	4.96
36	lot	J. B. Williams heirs		8.80	8.90	4.95
36	lot	Emma Wright		.92	2.07	1.19
237	lot	John Ellis		3.75	8.17	7.60
6	lot	Abner M. Grimeshears		5.00	4.34	
1	lot	Union Township				
500	lot	M. E. McNeal		60.29	119.72	
407	lot	E. G. Hanifield		19.52	19.22	12.81
8	lot	E. T. Hinsfeld		.32		
137	lot	Hite Lyons		21.13	12.81	
1	lot	Woodbury Township				
17	lot	Mrs. Lois Burkett		1.00		
46	lot	Lytle, heirs		2.16		
150	lot	Lytle, heirs		2.49		
39	lot	George Murray		1.80		
729	lot	Dr. J. C. Weyant		4.27		
20	lot	John D. Dwyer</				

IMLER VILLA PLOT TO BE THROWN OPEN

Home Location--Listen!

I will sell at Imler Villa, a few steps East of Osterburg Station along the Bedford Division of the Penna. R. R. Co. lines on

Saturday, June 1, 1918

at 1:30 p. m., 22 building lots, beautifully located, just enough slope in lay of ground to make the building sites desirable to those who want to be away from the ramble, hum and noise of city life.

These lots are of good size, within two minutes walk of the railroad station; on R. F. D. Mail route; good graded schools, churches, stores, mills and all other conveniences to go to make life happy and quiet.

These lots should be desirable ones for those who want homes and those who want to communicate with brick plants or Altoona or other places along the Pennsylvania R.R. Co. lines

Also thirty acres of land to be sold, either in part or as a whole.

Do not miss this chance to purchase a home location.

TERMS: 25 per cent of purchase price cash on day of sale; balance to suit purchaser.

Lawrence Imler,
OSTERBURG, PA.

H. E. Mason,
Auctioneer.
5-24-2*

SAVIOURS

By ANGELA MORGAN

Yours is the daring skill to tread
The waters of a world at war;
Yours is the miracle to shed
Where rocking seas of hatred are,
Courage and comfort, like a star.
You cry unto an earth dismayed,
And God is thrilling in your tone:
"Brothers, the ship is not alone;
Be not afraid!"

Ye are the Christs of this black hour,
The Great Physician come again,
Within your sacred hands the power
To heal the race of men.
Ye hold the hurt world to your breast;
Ye bind her bruised and broken soul;
The sick, the maimed and the oppressed—
Yours is the gift to make them whole.
And where the stricken miles unroll
Ye sound the resurrection morn;
Above the bier where Justice lies,
With visions of an age new born,
Ye bid the dead arise!

O World, that walkest now in tears
Where Truth again is crucified
After the thousand, thousand years—
See yet that Christ is not denied!

REMEMBER THE DAYS	
SUNDAY	ONE MEAL WHEATLESS
MONDAY	ALL MEALS WHEATLESS
TUESDAY	ONE MEAL WHEATLESS
WEDNESDAY	ALL MEALS WHEATLESS
THURSDAY	ONE MEAL WHEATLESS
FRIDAY	ONE MEAL WHEATLESS
SATURDAY	ONE MEAL WHEATLESS



The reason for this advertisement is because we have something unusual to tell.

The week of June 3rd is the week of our

49TH ANNIVERSARY SALE

Every day--Monday to Saturday--of that week will be days of interest.

Days that will justify every person who reads this to make preparations to come. That's what we did--made preparations for this sale--and made them months ago.

Searched and bought goods in every market where Quality and Style--and where Price (for Spot Cash) was convincing and of unusual interest.

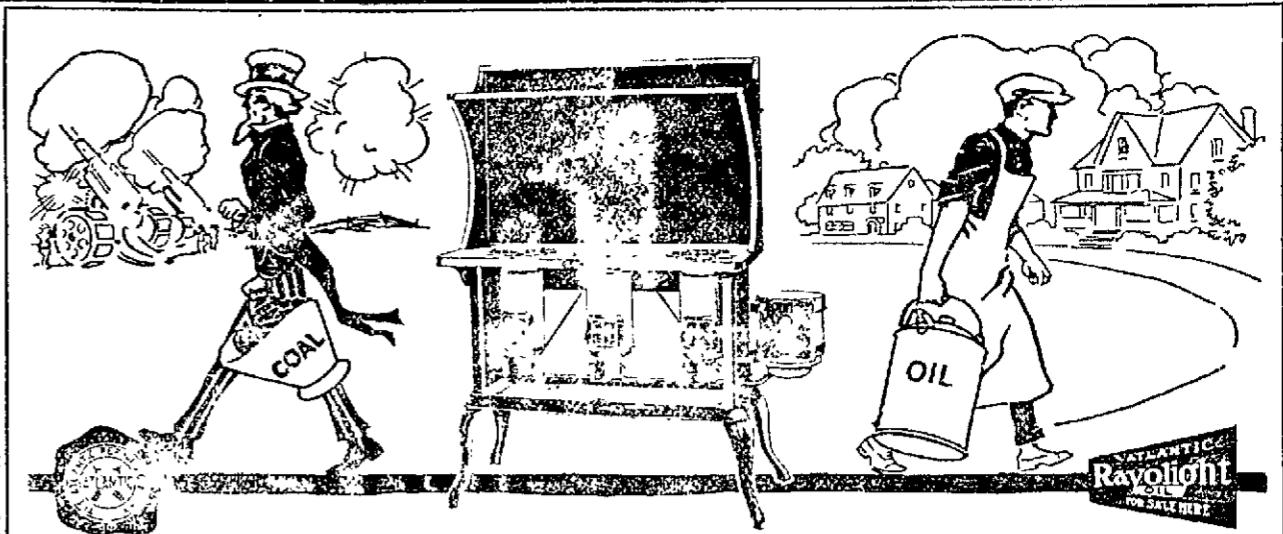
Bought only the best of its class--whatever the item or whatever the price--whether 25 cents or \$500--it was bought at a special price or not bought at all.

The great stocks of Merchandise that will be shown and the Prices they will be sold during the week of this Anniversary Sale--will be positive evidence of our determined purpose to exceed any sale in this store's history.

No difference where you live--come--and you'll be well paid.

Boggs & Buhl.

Pittsburgh, Pa.



Let Uncle Sam have the coal

Thousands of tons of coal will be saved this summer in homes that formerly used a kitchen range all during the hot weather. These homes are going to use oil cook stoves so there will be more coal next winter and therefore more for the government. Will your home be one of them? It should be.

NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK-STOVES

will be in the majority of these homes and there should be one in yours. You will not only save coal--you will save money. Kerosene is far cheaper than coal. And with a New Perfection you can have the same good things to eat and with less work, trouble and time. It doesn't heat up the whole kitchen like a coal fire does, either. You can regulate the heat exactly as you want it. No fire to fix. No ashes to bother with. Many good cooks prefer to use a New Perfection the year round.

But they get the best results (and you will too) when

they use Atlantic Rayolight Oil instead of ordinary kerosene. The difference is in the quality--the way it is refined and purified. All waste matter is taken out. All the heat-producing elements are left in. Atlantic Rayolight is a superior kerosene yet the price is no more than for the other kinds. There's a dealer near you who sells Atlantic Rayolight Oil. Look for the sign, "Atlantic Rayolight Oil For Sale Here." Decide right now that you will have a New Perfection Oil Cook Stove this summer. Your dealer can show you one now. Go and see it today.

ATLANTIC
Rayolight
Oil

THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh

Remarkable Cures

Thankful People Tell What San Cura Ointment Did for Them.

Ed. D. Heckerman sells San Cura Ointment on the money-back plan--no relief--no pay. Guaranteed to relieve eczema, tetter, salt rheum, itching, bleeding or protruding piles, burns, cuts, bruises, old sores, pimples, boils, carbuncles, chapped hands, chilblains, festers, insect bites and poison from ivy.

"My face and neck were one mass of sores; doctor said I had eczema and erysipelas. I had not slept for weeks with burning, itching pain. The first time I used San Cura Ointment I slept all night and in a short time was completely cured."—Chas. Fay, Townville, Pa.

"My wife stepped on a rusty nail and ran it into her foot. San Cura Ointment drew out a poisonous brown pus and cured her promptly"—Eugene McKenzie, Plum, Pa.

"I had been afflicted over thirty years with piles and spent over \$500 for pile medicine. Two jars of San Cura Ointment cured me."—James Lynch, Enterprise, Pa.

San Cura Ointment costs 30c, 60c and \$1.20 a jar at Ed. D. Heckerman and is a splendid remedy for burns, scalds, cuts and bruises.

SOAP REMOVES PIMPLES.

San Cura Soap will remove pimples, blackheads and many skin diseases. Makes the complexion clear and the skin velvety. 25 cents at Ed. D. Heckerman's.

SHRINKING FROM DEATH.
Is it quite fair to dub a man a coward because he is "afraid to die"? Death, the prospect of it, even when it lies many years ahead, makes many of us quake. What, then, of the death that the air, full of whining bullets, shells, bombs, grenades, holds? "All that a man hath will he give for his life" is very true, and to shrink from death is but human and natural.—London Tit-Bits.

THE HEART IS VERY BUSY.
Your heart is a very busy organ. While you breathe once, it beats four times, says Popular Science Monthly. At each beat it sends four pounds of blood through your veins and arteries. The weight of the circulating blood is 29 pounds. When you run, your legs and the other parts of your body need more blood, so your heart must pump faster.

AIRCRAFT STANDARDIZED.
It is less than a score of years since the first heavier-than-air machine successfully carried a passenger into the air. It is less than 15 years since the art of controlling such a craft was imparted by the inventor to another, yet today aircraft have been standardized and factories turn them out with the ease that motorcar builders produce their product.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE

Estate of James O'Neal late of West Providence township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphan's Court of Bedford county to ascertain the heirs and make distribution of the funds in the hands of Harry O'Neal, administrator will sit for the purpose of his appointment on Tuesday, May 28, 1918 at 10 o'clock a. m. at the Court House in the Borough of Bedford, Pa., when and where all parties interested may attend.

John N. Minnich,

Auditor.

B. F. Madore, Esq., Attorney.

May 10, 3ti.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE

Estate of Martin Brennen, late of Broad Top Township, Bedford Co., Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

In the Estate of John W. Helfer, late of the Township of Hopewell, County of Bedford, deceased.

Letters of Administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the decedent are requested to make known the same and all persons indebted to said decedent will make payment without delay.

Myrtle M. Helfer,
Hopewell, Rt. 2.,
Administratrix.

Alvin L. Little, Attorney.

May 3, 6ti.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Mike Couch, late of Broad Top Township, Bedford Co., Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

JAMES L. TENLEY,
Defiance,
Administrator.

D. C. REILEY, Attorney.

May 10, 6 wk.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE

In the Estate of Levi Diehl, late of the Township of Colerain, county of Bedford, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are requested to make known the same and all persons indebted to said decedent will make payment without delay.

Charles E. Diehl,
Everett, Pa.
Job W. Diehl,
Lutsville, Rt. 1.,
Executors.

Alvin L. Little, Attorney.

May 3, 6ti.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE

Estate of Lettie B. Bortz, late of Cumberland Valley Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters testamentary having been granted the undersigned executor named in the last will and testament of Lettie B. Bortz, late of Cumberland Valley Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are hereby notified to present the same without delay for payment, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment of the same.

WILLIAM G. BORTZ,
Cumberland Valley, Pa.
Executor.

D. C. REILEY, Attorney.

May 10, 6 wk.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

quickly help to strengthen the digestion, stimulate the liver, regulate the bowels and improve the health by working with nature.

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World.
Sold everywhere. In Boxes, 10c, 25c.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Bedford Gazette

VICTOR E. P. BARKMAN
Editor and Publisher
D. W. SNYDER,
Associate Editor
and
Circulation Manager

The Gazette is the leading newspaper of Bedford County and its circulation is far ahead of any of its contemporaries. As an advertising medium it is one of the best in this part of the state.

Regular subscription price per year \$1.50, payable in advance. Card of Thanks, 50c; Resolutions, \$1.00.

All communications should be addressed to Gazette Publishing Co., Bedford, Pa.

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 31, 1918.

Entered the Post Office at Bedford as second class matter.

Where are the seats the borough had in former years to place on the public square? Our boys Tuesday had to sit on the ground.

Edgar R. Smith wishes to thank the voters who supported him and says he expects Dr. Gump to support him as he would have supported Dr. Gump had he won out. If that be so Bill Brice is making a fool out of A. E. Egolf since Egolf turns heaven and earth for Smith. Can't he get anything in return? Or has he gone over altogether?

Newspapers Make Mistakes.

The newspapers make mistakes, but when you consider a reasonably careful paper's utterances and then listen to the way people tell things in the ordinary conversation that goes upon the street and over the back yard fences, you are forced to conclude that the newspaper is a shining and immortal paragon of truth and accuracy.

Quick Made Cornbread

Here is a quick cornbread. Our grandmothers used to bake it on a board before the open fire. You can bake it in your oven. Two cups cornmeal; two teaspoons of fat; one teaspoon salt; one and three-quarter cups boiling water. Pour the boiling water over the other materials. Beat well.

Salem Wentworth, one of our hustling merchants, returned today from a trip to Cleveland, Ohio, in company with Messrs. George and William Mile Run.

Misses LeVerna Mellott, Caroline Little, and Edna Wagner of Defiance attended a party at Riddlesburg last Saturday given by Mrs. Woodcock in honor of her Music pupils that graduated this year. It would be useless to ask the young ladies whether or not they had a good time for the reason that Mrs. Woodcock knows just how to make them have a good time.

Rev. J. P. Harris called at the home of H. H. Brumbaugh and they both went to Six Mile Run on an errand of Mercy.

The H. & B. T. R. R. Company is making some much-needed repairs on the track through our village. Some changes and a coat of paint on the house owned by the said company would add much to the appearance of the east end of Defiance. It looks rather lonely since the Colonial Iron Company has taken over the Brown houses and has "fixed" them up.

It is pleasing to us to know that we have a man at the head of our high school that is in demand as a speaker at Sunday School conventions as well as other religious meetings. Last Saturday night he made a splendid address at the Broad Top Dist. Convention at Riddlesburg and on Sunday afternoon he addressed the Liberty Dist. Convention at Saxton. His theme at both places was "Service." Prof. Mitchell has caught the spirit of the times and is doing valuable service.

Rev. Gorman, pastor of the M. E. Church, will give his second illustrated talk on Europe this Tuesday evening in the church at Defiance. Those who were present last Tuesday were highly pleased and invite their friends to accompany them to this meeting. These talks are entirely free to the public.

The young ladies of Defiance held a social in the J. H. Little Hall last Saturday evening to which they had invited a number of their gentlemen friends. Your scribe was not one among the honored guests and is therefore not in position to say anything about the inside doings. He heard more than he saw. They likely had a nice time for they came mighty nigh running into Sunday. We do not mean Sunday School for we were not there ourselves and therefore must not judge.

It is likely that we will lose another of our pedagogues as it is rumored that just last week Mr. David Thomas and Miss Varion Johnston died off to Cumberland, Md., and had words said that made "two hearts beat as one." Both are splendid young folks and have our good wishes.

Owing to the strike that has been on for several weeks now, we have not been able to do much in this section with the War Savings Stamp Pledges and the Red Cross work. We hope for better conditions soon.

The following persons were at the home of and dined with Mr. and Mrs. Brumbaugh last Sunday:—Mrs. Ida C. Brumbaugh, her daughter, Mrs. Samuel Hoff and little daughter, Dell, of Homestead, Pa., and Misses Lennis and Frances Hinkle, Master Carl Hinkle, and Oliver Appleman of Baker's Summit, Pa. The first mentioned is a sister-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Brumbaugh and all the Bakers' Summit folks are cousins.

The returns of the primary election held last week seems to indicate that Broad Top township is not perfectly dried out yet and that the Temperance people need not count on this

part of "God's moral vineyard" to change the color of the map of Pennsylvania from black to white. The results are largely due to the fact that the temperance people did not come out as they should have done and as we believe they will do at the general election.

* * * * * DEFIAENCE * * * * *
Archie Satterfield, one of Uncle Sam's boys stationed at St. Paul, Minn., returned to camp last Thursday after a visit of 8 or 10 days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Satterfield, and with friends at Defiance. Archie seems to enjoy army life.

Roy, Lloyd and Elmer Hinnish are busy cutting extract wood for Wade H. Figard.

Elmer Fulton of Finleyville ran over one of Harry Barber's children Saturday evening with his automobile in Coaldale. Mr. Fulton did not see the boy or neither did the boy see Mr. Fulton's car until it was too late to get out of the road. The boy is getting along as good as can be expected.

William Eisenhart, a former resident of Defiance, has returned to our town and is now domiciled in his own house recently purchased from Michael Collins. We welcome into our midst Mr. and Mrs. Eisenhart and wish them success. Mr. Collins and his daughter, Mrs. D. A. Aldstadt, have gone to Norristown, Pa., where they will be joined later by Mrs. Collins and her grandson, Master Harry David Aldstadt. To these, too, we extend best wishes.

Irvin Christner of Clearfield Co., Pa., brother of G. C. Christner, has moved into the Evans hotel property. Louie Wagner is having his houses on Main street treated to a coat of paint.

Salem Wentworth, one of our hustling merchants, returned today from a trip to Cleveland, Ohio, in company with Messrs. George and William Mile Run.

Misses LeVerna Mellott, Caroline Little, and Edna Wagner of Defiance attended a party at Riddlesburg last Saturday given by Mrs. Woodcock in honor of her Music pupils that graduated this year. It would be useless to ask the young ladies whether or not they had a good time for the reason that Mrs. Woodcock knows just how to make them have a good time.

Mike Goworty and wife and three children, Mrs. Clarence Figard and son, George, visited at the home of Albert S. Figard on Sunday.

Resolutions of Respect

Oddfellowship

Working in manhood's prime and ardent youth.

In that sublimest most enabling strife to show for men best friendship Love and Truth.

In memory of Levi Diehl who died March 20, 1918.

So let him sleep that dreamless sleep our sorrows clustering round his head.

Be comforted he loved who weep he lives with god he is not dead.

Once again death has summoned a brother Oddfellow and the golden gateway to the eternal city has opened to welcome him to his home. He has completed his work in the ministering to the wants of the afflicted; in shedding light in to darken souls and in bringing joy to the place of misery and as his reward has received the plaudit well done from the supreme master.

And whereas the all wise and merciful father has called our beloved and respected Brother home.

And whereas, he being a true and faithful Brother of our mystic order therefore be it Resolved, that Rainsburg Lodge No. 730 I. O. O. F. of Rainsburg, Pa., in testimony of her loss tenders to the family of bereaved our sincere condolence in this deep affliction that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family.

'Green be his memory in the order's heart

He loves so well through,
All his true life's span,
Bless'd be his rest who
Acted well his part
Who honored God in doing
Good to man.

A. A. Diehl, P. G.,
C. E. Koontz, P. G.,
H. E. England, P. G.,
Committee.

Strengthen America



When a Man's Personal Liberty is Restricted

"The state entrusts you with liberty to kill; society trusts you with the liberty to steal; the state trusts you with the liberty to murder," recently said Charles A. Windle, the eloquent defender of the saloon.

And this stuff gets across with some audiences!

Now, if Mr. Windle had added: "And liquor furnishes you with the inclination," he would at least have put SOME truth into the entire statement.

But let's see—

"The state entrusts you with the liberty to kill? Society trusts you with the liberty to steal?" SINCE WHEN? Doesn't society distinctly PROHIBIT killing and stealing? Doesn't it organize a police force to PREVENT men from killing and stealing?

Let this illustrious preacher of "personal liberty" try to kill or steal in the presence of a big six-foot policeman and he'll find out what becomes of his grandiloquent statement that society trusts him with the LIBERTY to kill and to steal!

He'll have his face punched and his head clubbed and he'll find himself landed in jail,—if he INSISTS upon his "personal liberty"—and he'll remain there because he's proven that he's a dangerous citizen—too dangerous to exercise the "personal liberty" of which he boasts.

No—God and society say very distinctly regarding these and other matters—"THOU SHALT NOT"—and this is plain "PROHIBITION."

As far as possible every reasonable measure is taken to prevent men from committing crime. And when they disobey the very reasonable laws which are framed for the safe-guarding of men as a whole they are punished by both God and society.

When the state—by a vote of the people—declares that the saloon is a bad thing, and the saloon business is abolished, then every good citizen respects this law, even at inconvenience to himself.

If you believe that the traffic of Alcohol does more harm than good—Help Stop It! Strengthen America Campaign



Bridging the Gap From Steer to Steak

Live stock is raised on the farms and ranches of the West.

Meat is eaten in the large cities of the East, and by our boys in France — thousands of miles away.

The day of transporting live animals from ranch to seaboard and overseas has passed. There was too much waste. The modern packer locates his large and specialized plants in the producing regions. He ships the dressed beef in refrigerator cars, and holds it in his own refrigerated branch warehouses until delivered to the retailer. For shipment to foreign ports, he transfers the meat to refrigerated ships.

By means of his nation-wide organization the modern packer maintains a continuous flow of meats to all parts of the country, so that each retailer gets just the quantity and quality of meat his trade demands, and at the time he wants it.

Swift & Company recently shipped 1,000 carloads of meat products in one week to our Armies and to the Allies.

Bridging the gap from ranch to consumer can be done successfully—and at low unit costs and profits—only by large business organizations.

Swift & Company's profit on meat, always so small as to have practically no effect on prices, is now limited by the Government to about 2 cents on each dollar of sales.

Year Book of interesting and instructive facts sent on request.
Address Swift & Company
Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Illinois

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

CUMBERLAND MILLINERY

An Exceptionally Large Showing Of

COTTON WASH SKIRTS

\$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$5.00

And we consider each an annual value ---not a skirt in the lot can be duplicated on the market to sell at these prices.

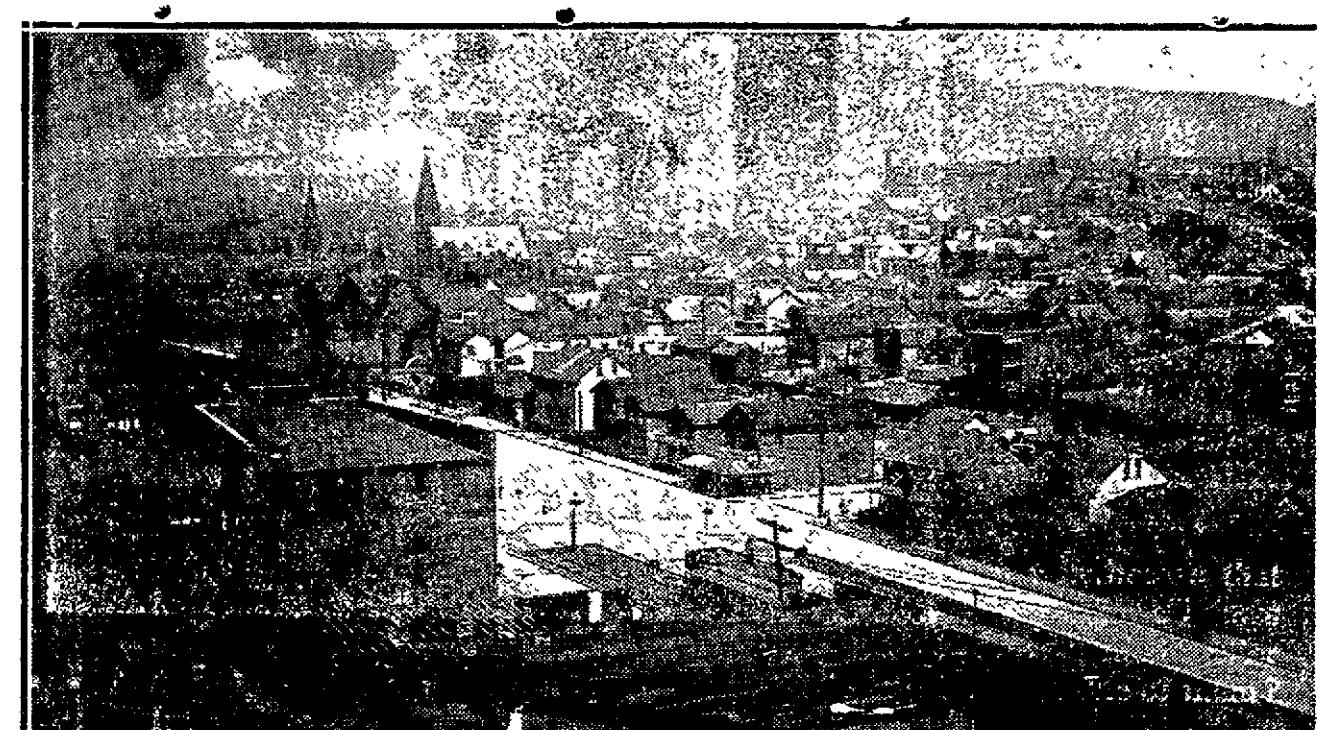
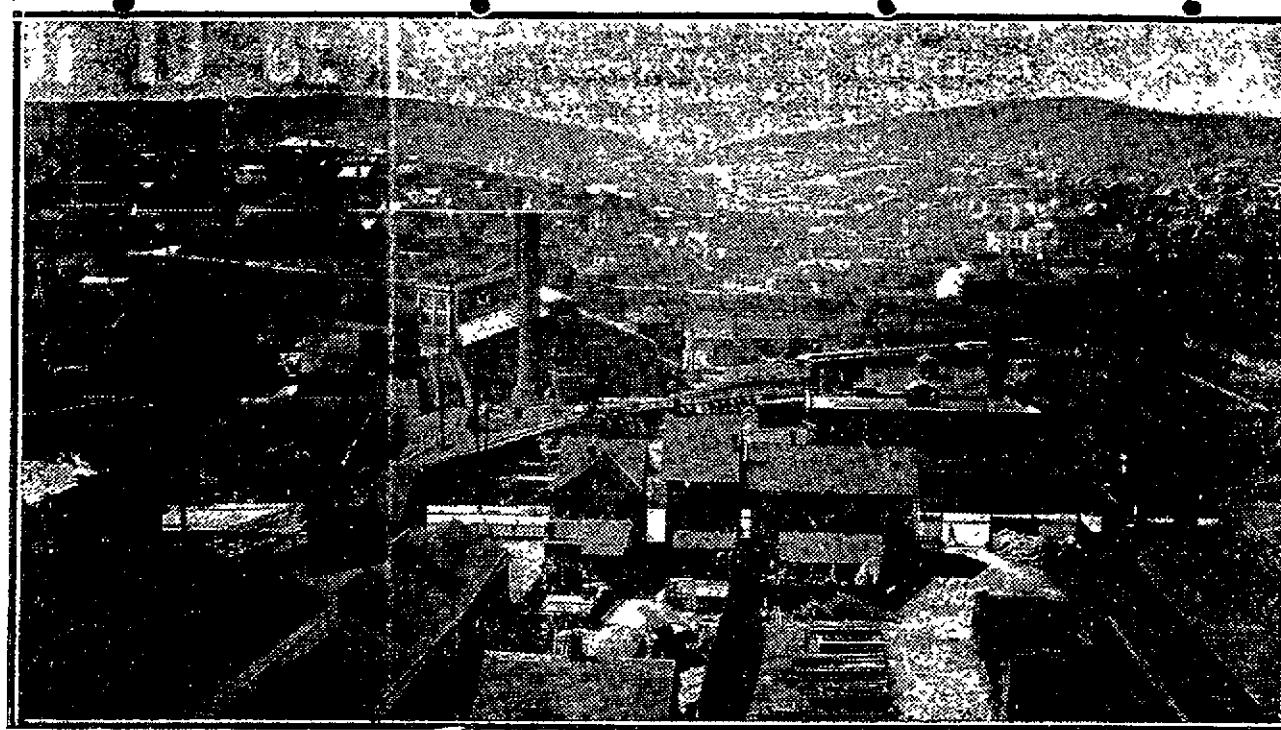
There are many styles to select from--tailored or plain and mercerized gabardine, cotton, pique and linene. All with 2-inch hem, deep girdle belts, and trimmed with large or small pearl buttons. Pockets of every description--patch, flap or insert. Regular and extra sizes included in the assortment.

The BON TON

52-54 BALTIMORE STREET

Next to New Hotel

CUMBERLAND, Md.



PARTIAL BIRDSEYE VIEW OF ALTOONA

ALTOONA

"The Center of Your District"

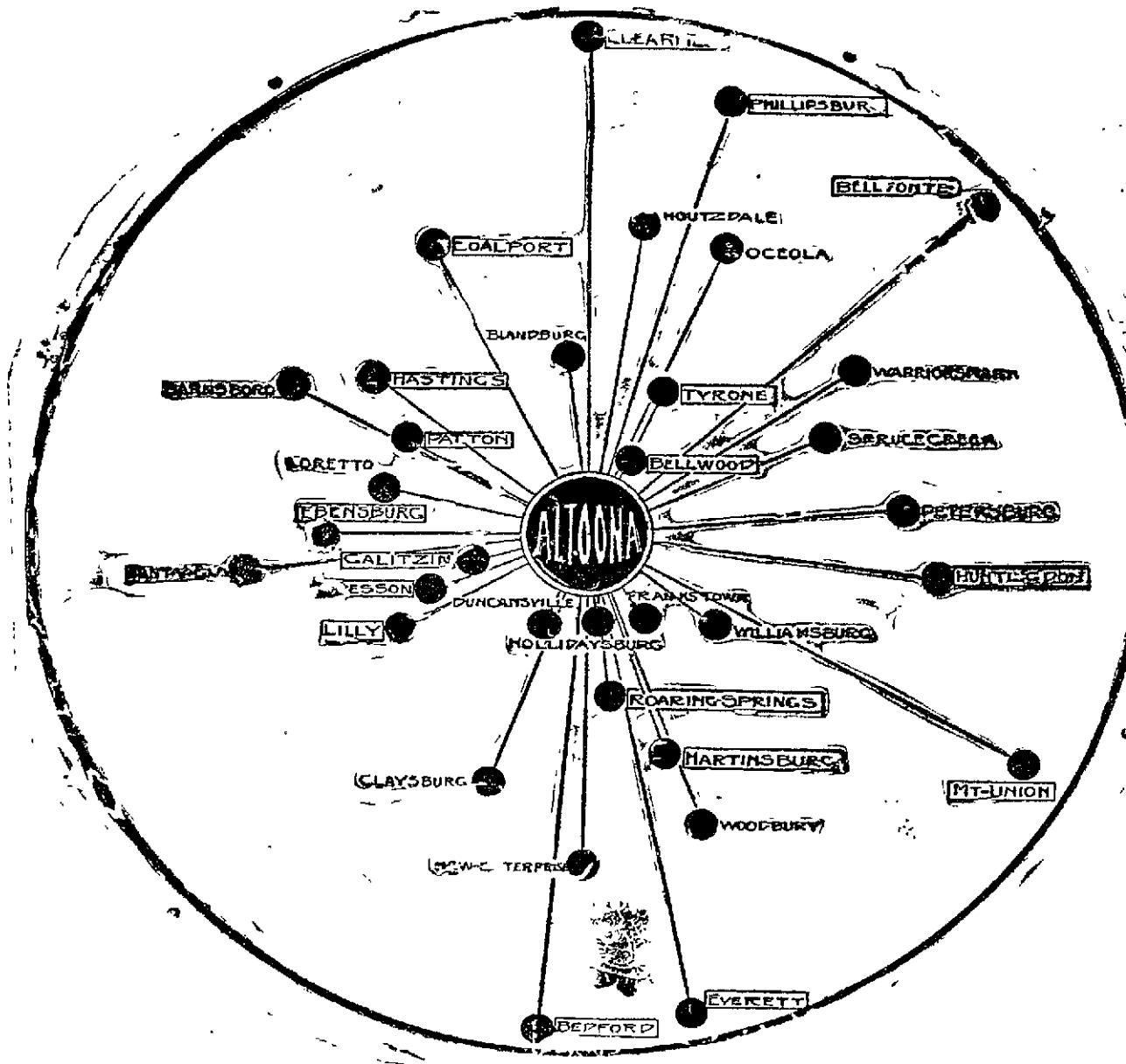
Are your dollars helping to build your district, or are they helping to build New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and other large cities?

Mr. Consumer,

Do you realize that every time you send to any of the above cities for anything you are positively depriving yourself and your district of the purchase price of the articles sent for.

IS THIS FAIR To Your Home Merchant?

Your home merchant has invested his money in business in your district and bears his share of the expense of your roads, schools and churches. It's his business that makes your town and community prosperous by keeping open the avenues of barter and trade, thereby furnishing a market for your grain produce, wool, live stock, etc.



**Be Fair, Be Honest With Him---Quality considered
he can supply your needs just as cheaply
as the big city store.**

LADIES' READY TO WEAR STORES

Brett's, 1309 Eleventh Ave.
Meyer Jonasson, 1226 Eleventh Ave.
Goldstein, S. L., 1313 Eleventh Ave.
Whitman's, 1124 Eleventh Ave.

DEPARTMENT STORES

Bon Ton, 1315 Eleventh Ave.
Gable, Wm. F., & Co., 1318 11th Ave.
Kline Bros., 1305 Eleventh Ave.
Schwartz Bros., 1301 Eleventh Ave.

MUSIC STORES

Harter, A. J. 11th Ave. & 15th St.

RESTAURANTS

Beams', 1117 Eleventh Ave.

MEN'S READY TO WEAR STORES

Goldschmid Bros., 11th Ave. & 12th St.
Leopold & Bigley, 1123 Eleventh Ave.
March & Sons, 1226 Eleventh Ave.
Stiffler, L. E., 110 Eleventh Ave.
Westfall Co., 1304 Eleventh Ave.

SHOE STORES

Benheim, S., 1302 Eleventh Ave.
Lester Shoe Co., 1409 Eleventh Ave.
Royal Boot Shop, 1309 1/2 11th Ave.
Simon, A., & Co., 1402 11th Ave.
Soyster Shoe Co., 1126 Eleventh Ave.

FURNITURE STORES

Aaron, W. S., 1428 Eleventh Ave.
City Furniture Co., 1501 11th Ave.
Rothert Co., 1200 Twelfth Ave.
Standard Furniture Co., 1405 Eleventh Ave.

MILLINERY

Neal, Geo. P., & Son, 1411 11th Ave.

MEN'S HAT SHOPS

Canty-Fit-U, 1300 Eleventh Ave.
Pheasants Hat Shop, 1105 11th Ave.

THEATRES

The Strand, 1512 Eleventh Ave.

PUBLIC SERVICE

Altoona & Logan Valley Electric Ry.
Co., 1200 Eleventh St.
Penn Central Light & Power Co.,
1809 Union Ave.

This is the first of a series of talks on your district. Read them all. They contain much of interest to you.



"OVER THE TOP"

BY AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT *

ARTHUR GUY IMPPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

©1917 BY
ARTHUR GUY IMPPEY

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK

CHAPTER XXIII.

Gas Attacks and Spies.

Three days after we had silenced Fritz, the Germans sent over gas. It did not catch us unawares, because the wind had been made to order, that is, it was blowing from the German trenches toward ours at the rate of about five miles per hour.

Warnings had been passed down the trench to keep a sharp lookout for gas.

We had a new man at the periscope, on this afternoon in question; I was sitting on the fire step, cleaning my rifle, when he called out to me:

"There's a sort of greenish, yellow cloud rolling along the ground out in front, it's coming—"

But I waited for no more, grabbing my bayonet, which was detached from the rifle, I gave the alarm by banging an empty shell case, which was hanging near the periscope. At the same instant, gongs started ringing down the trench, the signal for Tommy to don his respirator, or smoke helmet, as we call it.

Gas travels quickly, so you must not lose any time; you generally have about eighteen or twenty seconds in which to adjust your gas helmet.

A gas helmet is made of cloth, treated with chemicals. There are two windows, or glass eyes, in it, through which you can see. Inside there is a rubber-covered tube, which goes in the mouth. You breathe through your nose; the gas, passing through the cloth helmet, is neutralized by the action of the chemicals. The foul air is exhaled through the tube in the mouth, this tube being so constructed that it prevents the inhaling of the outside air or gas. One helmet is good for five hours of the strongest gas. Each Tommy carries two of them slung around his shoulder in a waterproof canvas bag.

He must wear this bag at all times, even while sleeping. To change a defective helmet, you take out the new one, hold your breath, pull the old one off, placing the new one over your head, tucking in the loose ends under the collar of your tunic.

For a minute, pandemonium reigned in our trench—Tommies adjusting their helmets, bombers running here and there, and men turning out of the dugouts with fixed bayonets, to man the fire step.

Re-enforcements were pouring out of the communication trenches.

Our gun's crew were busy mounting the machine gun on the parapet and

bringing up extra ammunition from the dugout.

German gas is heavier than air and soon fills the trenches and dugouts, where it has been known to lurk for two or three days, until the air is purified by means of large chemical spray-ers.

We had to work quickly, as Fritz generally follows the gas with an infantry attack.

A company man on our right was too slow in getting on his helmet; he sank to the ground, clutching at his throat, and after a few spasmodic twitches went West (died). It was horrible to see him die, but we were powerless to help him. In the corner of a traverse, a little, muddy cur dog, one of the company's pets, was lying dead, with his paws over his nose.

It's the animals that suffer the most—the horses, mules, cattle, dogs, cats and rats—they having no helmets to save them. Tommy does not sympathize with rats in a gas attack.

At times gas has been known to travel, with dire results, fifteen miles behind the lines.

A gas, or smoke helmet, as it is called, at the best is a vile-smelling thing, and it is not long before one gets a violent headache from wearing it.

Our eighteen-pounders were bursting in No Man's Land, in an effort, by the artillery, to disperse the gas clouds.

The fire step was lined with crouching men, bayonets fixed, and bombs near at hand to repel the expected attack.

Our artillery had put a barrage of curtain fire on the German lines, to try and break up their attack and keep back re-enforcements.

I trained my machine gun on their trench and its bullets were raking the parapet.

Then over they came, bayonets glistening. In their respirators, which have a large snout in front, they looked like some horrible nightmare.

All along our trench, rifles and machine guns spoke, our shrapnel was bursting over their heads. They went down in heaps, but new ones took the places of the fallen. Nothing could stop that mad rush. The Germans reached our barbed wire, which had previously been demolished by their shells, then it was bomb against bomb, and the devil for all.

Suddenly my head seemed to burst from a loud "crack" in my ear. Then

my head began to swim, throat got dry, and a heavy pressure on the lungs warned me that my helmet was leaking. Turning by gun over to No. 2, I changed helmets.

The trench started to wind like a snake, and sandbags appeared to be floating in the air. The noise was horrible; I sank onto the fire step, needles seemed to be pricking my flesh, then blackness.

I was awakened by one of my mates removing my smoke helmet. How delicious that cool, fresh air felt in my lungs.

A strong wind had arisen and dispersed the gas.

They told me that I had been "out" for three hours; they thought I was dead.

The attack had been repulsed after a hard fight. Twice the Germans had gained a foothold in our trench, but had been driven out by counter-attacks. The trench was filled with their dead and ours. Through a periscope I counted eighteen dead Germans in our wire; they were a ghastly sight in their horrible-looking respirators.

I examined my first smoke helmet. A bullet had gone through it on the left side, just grazing my ear. The gas had penetrated through the hole made in the cloth.

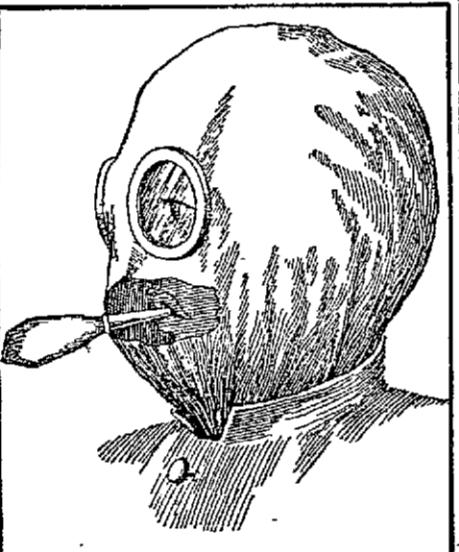
Out of our crew of six we lost two killed and two wounded.

That night we buried all of the dead, excepting those in No Man's Land. In death there is not much distinction; friend and foe are treated alike.

After the wind had dispersed the gas the R. A. M. C. got busy with their chemical sprayers, spraying out the dugouts and low parts of the trenches to dissipate any fumes of the German gas which may have been lurking in same.

Two days after the gas attack I was sent to division headquarters, in answer to an order requesting that captains of units should detail a man whom they thought capable of passing an examination for the divisional intelligence department.

Before leaving for this assignment I went along the front-line trench saying good-by to my mates and lording it over them, telling them that I had



A Gas Helmet.

clicked a cushy job behind the lines, and how sorry I felt that they had to stay in the front line and argue out the war with Fritz. They were envious but still good-natured, and as I left the trench to go to the rear they shouted after me:

"Good luck, Yank, old boy; don't forget to send up a few fags to your old mates."

I promised to do this and left.

I reported at headquarters with sixteen others and passed the required examination. Out of the sixteen applicants four were selected.

I was highly elated because I was, I thought, in for a cushy job back at the base.

The next morning the four reported to division headquarters for instructions. Two of the men were sent to large towns in the rear of the lines with an easy job. When it came our turn the officer told us we were good men and had passed a very creditable examination.

My tin hat began to get too small for me, and I noted that the other man, Atwell by name, was sticking his chest out more than usual.

The officer continued: "I think I can use you two men to great advantage in the front line. Here are your orders and instructions, also the pass which gives you full authority as special M. P. detailed on intelligence work. Report at the front line according to your instructions. It is risky work and I wish you both the best of luck."

My heart dropped to zero and Atwell's face was a study. We saluted and left.

That wishing us the "best of luck" sounded very ominous in our ears; if he had said "I wish you both a swift and painless death" it would have been more to the point.

When we had read our instructions we knew we were in for it good and plenty.

What Atwell said is not fit for publication, but I strongly seconded his opinion of the war, army and divisional headquarters in general.

After a bit our spirits rose. We were well-fledged spy-catchers, because our instructions and orders, said so.

We immediately reported to the nearest French estaminet and had several glasses of muddy water, which they called beer. After drinking our beer we left the estaminet and haled an empty ambulance.

After showing the driver our passes we got in. The driver was going to the part of the line where we had to report.

How the wounded ever survived a ride in that ambulance was inexplicable to me. It was worse than riding on a gun carriage over a rock road.

The driver of the ambulance was a corporal of the R. A. M. C., and he had the "wind up," that is, he had an aversion to being under fire.

I was riding on the seat with him while Atwell was sitting in the ambulance, with his legs hanging out of the back.

As we passed through a shell-destroyed village a mounted military policeman stopped us and informed the driver to be very careful when we got out on the open road, as it was very dangerous, because the Germans lately had acquired the habit of shelling it. The corporal asked the trooper if there was any other way around, and was informed that there was not. Upon this he got very nervous and wanted to turn back, but we insisted that he proceed and explained to him that he would get into serious trouble with his commanding officer if he returned without orders; we wanted to ride, not walk.

From his conversation we learned that he had recently come from England with a draft and had never been under fire, hence his nervousness. We convinced him that there was not much danger, and he appeared greatly relieved.

When we at last turned into the open road we were not so confident. On each side there had been a line of trees, but now, all that was left of them were torn and battered stumps. The fields on each side of the road were dotted with recent shell holes, and we passed several in the road itself. We had gone about half a mile when a shell came whistling through the air and burst in a field about three hundred yards to our right. Another soon followed this one and burst on the edge of the road about four hundred yards in front of us.

I told the driver to throw in his speed clutch, as we must be in sight of the Germans. I knew the signs: that battery was ranging for us, and the quicker we got out of its zone of fire the better. The driver was trembling like a leaf, and every minute I expected him to pile up in the ditch. I preferred the German fire.

In the back Atwell was holding onto the straps for dear life, and was singing at the top of his voice:

We beat you at the Marne,
We beat you at the Aisne,
We give you hell at Neuve Chapelle,
And here we are again.

Just then we hit a small shell hole and nearly capsized. Upon a loud yell from the rear I looked behind, and there was Atwell sitting in the middle of the road, shaking his fist at us. His equipment, which he had taken off upon getting into the ambulance, was strung out on the ground, and his rifle was in the ditch.

I shouted to the driver to stop, and in his nervousness he put on the brakes. We nearly pitched out head-first. But the applying of those brakes saved our lives. The next instant there was a blinding flash and a deafening report. All that I remember is that I was flying through the air, and wondering if I would land in a soft spot. Then the lights went out.

When I came to, Atwell was pouring water on my head out of his bottle. On the other side of the road the corporal was sitting, rubbing a lump on his forehead with his left hand, while his right arm was bound up in a blood-soaked bandage. He was moaning very loudly. I had an awful headache and the skin on the left side of my face was full of gravel and the blood was trickling from my nose.

But that ambulance was turned over in the ditch and was perforated with holes from fragments of the shell. One of the front wheels was slowly revolving, so I could not have been "out" for a long period.

The shells were still screaming overhead, but the battery had raised its fire and they were bursting in a little wood about half a mile from us.

Atwell spoke up. "I wish that officer hadn't wished us the best o' luck." Then he commenced swearing. I couldn't help laughing, though my head was nigh to bursting.

Slowly rising to my feet I felt myself all over to make sure that there were no broken bones. But outside of a few bruises and scratches I was all right. The corporal was still moaning, but more from shock than pain. A shell splinter had gone through the flesh of his right forearm. Atwell and I, from our first-aid pouches, put a tourniquet on his arm to stop the bleeding and then gathered up our equipment.

We realized that we were in a dangerous spot. At any minute a shell might drop on the road and finish us off. The village we had left was not very far, so we told the corporal he had better go back to it and get his arm dressed, and then report the fact of the destruction of the ambulance to the military police. He was well able to walk, so he set off in the direction of the village, while Atwell and I continued our way on foot.

Without further mishap we arrived at our destination, and reported to brigade headquarters for rations and billets.

That night we slept in the battalion sergeant major's dugout. The next morning I went to a first-aid post and had the gravel picked out of my face.

The instructions we received from division headquarters read that we were out to catch spies, patrol trenches, search German dead, reconnoiter in No Man's Land, and take part in trench raids and prevent the robbing of the dead.

I had a pass which would allow me to go anywhere at any time in the sector of the line held by our division. It gave me authority to stop and search ambulances, motor lorries, wagons and even officers and soldiers, whenever my suspicions deemed it necessary.

After showing the driver our passes we got in. The driver was going to the part of the line where we had to report.

How the wounded ever survived a ride in that ambulance was inexplicable to me. It was worse than riding on a gun carriage over a rock road.

Atwell was a good companion and very entertaining. He had an utter contempt for danger, but was not foolhardy. At swearing he was a wonder. A cavalry regiment would have been proud of him. Though born in England, he had spent several years in New York. He was about six feet one, and as strong as an ox.

We took up our quarters in a large dugout of the royal engineers, and mapped out our future actions. This dugout was on the edge of a large cemetery, and several times at night in returning to it, we got many a fall stumbling over the graves of English, French and Germans. Atwell on these occasions never indulged in swearing, though at any other time, at the least stumble, he would turn the air blue.

A certain section of our trenches was held by the Royal Irish rifles. For several days a very strong rumor went the rounds that a German spy was in our midst. This spy was supposed to be dressed in the uniform of a British staff officer. Several stories had been told about an officer wearing a red band around his cap, who patrolled the front-line and communication trenches asking suspicious questions as to location of batteries, machine-gun emplacements, and trench mortars. If a shell dropped in a battery, on a machine gun or even near a dugout, this spy was blamed.

The rumor gained such strength that an order was issued for all troops to immediately place under arrest anyone answering to the description of the spy.

Atwell and I were on the qui vive. We constantly patrolled the trenches at night, and even in the day, but the spy always eluded us.

One day while in a communication trench, we were horrified to see our brigadier general, Old Pepper, being brought down it by a big private of the Royal Irish rifles. The general was walking in front, and the private with fixed bayonet was following in the rear.

We saluted as the general passed us. The Irishman had a broad grin on his face and we could scarcely believe our eyes—the general was under arrest. After passing a few feet beyond us, the general turned, and said in a wrathful voice to Atwell:

"Tell this d—n fool who I am. He's arrested me as a spy."

Atwell was speechless. The sentry butted in with:

"None o' that gassin' out o' you. Back to headquarters you goes, Mr. Fritz. Open that face o' yours again, an' I'll dent in your napper with the butt o' me rifle."

The general's face was a sight to behold. He was fairly boiling over with rage, but he shut up.

Atwell tried to get in front of the sentry to explain to him that it really was the general he had under arrest, but the sentry threatened to run his bayonet through him, and would have done it, too. So Atwell stepped aside, and remained silent. I was nearly bursting with suppressed laughter. One word, and I would have exploded. It is not exactly diplomatic to laugh at your general in such a predicament.

The sentry and his prisoner arrived at brigade headquarters with disastrous results to the sentry.

The joke was that the general had personally issued the order for the spy's arrest. It was a habit of the general to walk through the trenches on rounds of inspection, unattended by any of his staff. The Irishman, being new in the regiment, had never seen the general before, so when he came across him alone in a communication trench, he promptly put him under arrest. Brigadier generals wear a red band around their caps.

Next day we passed the Irishman tied to the wheel of a limber, the beginning of his sentence of twenty-one days, field punishment No. 1. Never before have I seen such a woebegone expression on a man's face.

For several days, Atwell and I made ourselves scarce around brigade headquarters. We did not want to meet the general.

The spy was never caught.

(To Be Continued.)

Would Connect Chicago With New York

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Of the many kidney remedies on the market today, none other is recommended like Doan's Kidney Pills. Fifty thousand benefited people gladly testify in the newspapers of their own towns. Forty-five hundred American newspapers publish this home proof of Doan's merit. The type used in one year to tell this wonderful story would make a solid column of metal twice as high as the world's highest mountain. Placed end to end the lines of type would reach from New York to Chicago.

These miles of good words told by 50,000 tongues sound glad tidings to any Bedford sufferer who wants relief from kidney and bladder ills. Here's a Bedford case. Don't experiment. Use the remedy endorsed by people you know.

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Wanted, For Sale, For Rent, Etc.,

RATES—One cent per word for each insertion. No advertisement accepted for less than 15 cents.

WANTED—Large, Clean Cotton Rags. Rags in strips won't do. 4c per pound. Bring them to the GAZETTE'S OFFICE, Bedford, Pa.

Men Wanted for all departments, including laborers. Steady employment, good wages and weekly pay. Apply Employment office, Standard Steel Works Co., Burnham, Pa. Apr. 26, 6t.

Men Wanted—Laborers, Carpenter Helpers, Mechanic Helpers, Firemen, Trackmen, Stock Unloaders, Coke Oven Men and other help. Good wages at steady employment. Apply to Colonial Iron Co., Riddlesburg, Pa. April 28, tf.

Girls, 18 to 30 Wanted for light work, to operate light lathes, cranes, etc. Steady work, good wages and weekly pay. Apply employment office, Standard Steel Works Co., Burnham, Pa. Apr. 26, 6t.

FOR SALE—Cabbage Plants, three dozen for 25c. ROSS A. SPRIGG: The Plant Man, 323 East John St., Bedford, Pa. May 24, 2t.

FOR SALE or Exchange—Span of good gentle work mules in fine condition and one Ford touring car, good as new. Sivers Stables. May 24, 2t.

If your separator needs adjusting or you need a new De Laval Machine call the Metzger Hardware Co., at Bedford. We also have a few second hand machines in good condition at a low price.

Summer Kindergarten I will open a Kindergarten in my home June 3rd to continue eight weeks.

For further information call or phone, 113 E. Penn St., Miss Anna Knight. May 24, 2t.

For Sale or Rent—The Jacob Snooks property in Bedford Borough. Apply to S. H. Sell, Attorney, Bedford, Pa. May 10, tf.

WANTED—An experienced teacher—gentleman or lady, consolidated school. Good wages for capable person. Must be a good disciplinarian. Apply to W. L. May, Secy. Bd., Rainsburg, Pa. May 31, 5t.

WANTED—Will buy your pop corn. Call Butter-Kist Machine, Bedford House. 1t*

FOR SALE—Portable Chicken house 10x40. Can be taken in sections. Address or Phone Jacob Wisegarver, Cessna, Pa. May 17, 4t.

Buy your plants from

ROSSA SPRIGG
323 East John street,
BERFORD, PA.
Apr. 26, 2mo*

NOTICE TO SPORTSMEN

Notice is hereby given that under the provisions of the Act of April 9, 1915, entitled "An Act to provide for the better protection and preservation of deer and elk, etc." a petition has been filed with the Board of Game Commissioners to close the County of Bedford to the hunting of Ruffed Grouse for a period of two years. The said Board has fixed Friday, June 21st, 1918, as the date for considering the propriety and necessity for closing the said County as petitioned, and all parties interested both for and against such action must file with the Game Commission, at Harrisburg, their approval or objections prior to one o'clock p.m. of said June 21st, 1918 in order to be considered.

J. C. EARNEST,
Bedford, Pa.,
Representative of Petitioners
May 24, 3t.

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Middy Blouse Waists

Long or short sleeve, plain or combination colors. Made of fine middy twill cloth all sizes up to 20. Hendersons and R. & G. Corsets \$1.00, \$1.25 & \$1.50 Nemo \$2.50 to \$4.00

New Palm Beach Dress Skirts

arrived this week. These skirts are made to sell at \$3.50. Our special this week \$4.00

SAMMY BLANKETS

Wool Army Blankets Khaki Color with border, extra heavy, 60 x 80 size. Each

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The Greatest Charm of a room is its Curtains and Draperies. Kirsch Curtain Rods Do the work.

Kirsch Flat Rods do not sag nor tarnish. Adjusts to all sizes of Windows up to 10 feet wide. Regular size 25c

Our Corset Department has been replenished with the new style lines of Hendersons, Nemo and R and G makes.

Now is your time to secure your needs. We have advice from all factories that prices go up June 15th.

Our stock just received is at former prices. Your style and size are here at \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 and up to \$3.50

New Silk Waists (in this week)

The latest style Waists out for June wear, all colors, \$2.50

Crepe DeChine and Georgette Crepe Waists, all new styles in the leading colors \$3.50 to \$6.00

White Dress Skirts of Tricotine Pique

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Ladies Summer Underwear

Ladies Good Quality Ganze Knit Vests 15c, 20c and 25c.

Ladies Lace Knee Ganze Knit Drawers, pr. 45c

Ladies \$1.25 Value Fine Gauze Lisle Union Suits, \$1

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at reasonable Prices. Our line will be sure to please you in both style and price.

Superior Suits \$15.85 up to \$35

Virginia Dare Dresses \$12.50 to 27.50

Fair Sex Dress Skirts \$4.50 to \$12

A Splendid Showing of Spring Coats

The seasons new shades at Special Prices this week.

Men's Furnishings

Mens Double Seamed Fast Blue Work Shirt, full cut size 80c and \$1.00

Mens Extra Quality Khaki Pants \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25 and \$2.50.

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THE PEPPERMINT UNION SUIT



Superior Underwear for Men. Ecru or White Union Suits, all sizes up to 46 \$1.50

Mens Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers 50c and 75c garment.

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\$1.00 Mens Balbriggan Union Suits 79c

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at low prices that merit your attention

Ladies Dress Shoes, Tan or Black Vici \$3.50 to \$8.00

Ladies Kid Pumps, Tan or Black \$3.50 to \$4.25

Ladies White Oxfords \$2.00 and \$2.50

Ladies White Pumps \$2.50 and \$3.00

Mens Vici, Gunmetal or Patent Colt Dress Shoes \$8.50 to \$7.00

Mens Work Shoes \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00 and \$3.50 pr.

Misses Vici or Gunmetal Shoes, 11 1-2 to 2, \$2.50 to \$3.75

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